

And Now the Golden Auto

THEY are building in London, for some prince of India, an automobile the like of which has never before been seen.

It is a limousine, with a forty-five horsepower engine.

There have been limousines before, and forty-five horsepower engines before, but the distinguishing feature of this machine is that—

It will be entirely covered with Gold.

The body will be Golden, the wheels and radiator cover Golden, and everything.

As it rolls along the roads of India it will certainly make a sensation among the natives, many of whom live next door to famine half the time on four or five cents a day.

It will raise, in the breasts of the beholders, a crop of wonder, bitterness, despair and envy enough to satisfy the cravings of the most hardened millionaire.

Dives will not do a thing to Lazarus.

The desire to own and to spend is a curious inhabitant of the menagerie in the human breast.

It is a variant of egotism, one of the most constant and one of the most destructive of human characteristics.

It is the thing we call Pride, which is the Devil's counterfeit of the divine quality of Self Respect or Conscious Integrity.

Pride is a beggar at every man's door.

It begs alms of praise from every passerby.

It has no resources within itself but lives on the contributions of others, upon their flattery and envy.

It is the most unsocial of vices. It has a direct tendency to create unrest and provoke violence. If men knew how to retain riches without Pride probably the poor would not bother with them.

Pride is a perversion. It bears the same relation to Self Respect that lust bears to love, or alcoholic intoxication to the natural glow of health.

It is an expression of the normal desire of people for largeness of life, for the approval of their fellows, and for success in the competition of existence.

It is a counterfeit, for it seeks these worthy ends in childish and selfish ways.

Like all perverted tastes, it grows constantly in its demands, and its victims need larger and larger doses, as is the case with alcohol, morphine and other habit-forming drugs.

The symptoms of the disease of Pride are unhappiness, petulance, selfishness, morbidity, hardness of heart and envy.

Just as the results of an honest Self Respect are contentment, poise, enjoyment of other people's good fortune and sympathy.

Pride is known to the psychologists as the egoistic complex.

It makes marriage a failure, it renders genuine friendship impossible, it creates social disturbance, and its crowning achievement is War.

For the egoistic complex is as noxious in a nation as in an individual.

The cure for pride is self-discipline and intelligence.

The March Of Events

THE fall of the Wirth government in Germany is another ominous sign of the chaotic and perilous condition of Europe. The unfair and dishonest partition of Upper Silesia by the League Council brought about the fall of the Wirth cabinet and created a bitter resentment in Germany that may lead to the most serious consequences.

Threatened with invasion if they do not pay indemnities beyond their power to pay unless they can work day and night and then deprived of the coal and iron without which they cannot work and produce for foreign markets, and with financial bankruptcy only a matter of months, it is quite conceivable that the Germans may take counsel of despair, throw themselves into the arms of the Slavs and begin a period of terror and destruction which would shake all Europe to its foundations.

Such are the conditions three years after the war to end war ended—and a sorrowful comment they are, indeed, upon the vanity, greed, falsehood and stupidity that made the vindictive, futile and impossible Treaty of Versailles.

War is a brutal thing. The old luster of chivalry is no longer existent. The recent war was particularly brutal. The allies waged it quite as savagely as did the Germans. The violence done in Belgium was more than equaled by the violence done by the Czar's troops in East Prussia, Galicia and Poland. Both sides made war upon civilians—men, women and children. Both killed men crying for quarter. The whole dreadful conflict was so savage and so brutal that even the privates who came back still maintain a silence about it that was never before maintained by any soldiers in the history of the world, and in that lies the world's only hope that wars will some time cease.

Peace has not yet come to make her stay permanent. There will be other wars, and at least one more world war before this century ends. All the strong nations are now developing new means of destruction, all of them are preparing submarines, bombing aircraft, poison gases and deadly chemicals which will wipe out whole cities.

So the next great war is going to be a hideous thing, far more hideous than the last. And the best thing to hope for is that the next war will be so horrible that the survivors will put war under the ban of universal abhorrence, and make an end forever of generals, marshals, admirals, and privates, and the whole foolish business of maintaining and training millions of men in the trade of wholesale murder.

But until the public opinion of mankind does come to abhor the trappings and pomp and parade, as well as the brutality and ugliness of war, there will be no permanent peace and every prudent people will keep prepared for defense.

The common testimony of all Americans who come back from Mexico is that that country has finally entered upon an era of peace, security, stability and progress under the wise leadership of President Obregon.

Life is safe, property is safe, justice prevails, foreigners are protected and made welcome, investment is invited and encouraged, and the whole nation, wearied of disorders and revolutions, has resolutely begun the work of upbuilding the republic and developing its amazing natural riches.

The sensible thing for us to do is to show Mexico that we are her true friends and ready and willing to help her solve her problems and develop her resources. And the first step in that direction should be taken quickly by recognizing the government of President Obregon.

The Tottering Question



THEY'RE HUMAN

BY William Atherton Du Puy

R. T. O'Connor, of St. Paul, sometimes affectionately called "the Cardinal" by his friends, is the acknowledged Democratic leader from the city of James J. Hill.

Not long ago he went over to Minneapolis, the other twin of the Minnesota metropolis. He went to see Edward E. Smith, a good friend despite the fact that he is the Republican leader of Minneapolis.

Smith was having a lot of trouble with some of his teeth. They had been aching him something awful and he had finally reached the point where he had resigned himself to parting with them. He was getting ready to have them pulled out.

O'Connor commiserated with him. They discussed the matter in detail, particularly the pain-prevention agency Smith should resort to while the teeth were being taken out.

"Don't take gas," O'Connor urged feelingly. "Whatever comes, do not take gas. You might talk."

Thomas B. Drayton, of Seward, Alaska, claims to be the only writing man domiciled in that whole vast possession of Uncle Sam.

Of course Rex Beach, who has made a million out of writing, used to live up there, but he was not doing it until long afterward. When, as a clerk in Chicago, a friend showed a story of Alaska he had written for a poultry journal and which was so poor that Beach wrote a better one out of indignation.

At the time Beach was in Alaska, Drayton says, everybody worked hard, but the very worst of the tasks were saved for the Chinamen, who were the real slaves of the mining camps. When a task became too arduous or too mean for even the Chinamen the practice was to call Beach, who was a horse for lowly labor.

Congressman Benjamin K. Focht stopped at a country grocery while campaigning last fall to buy a cigar. He asked a countryman standing by if he would not join him in a smoke. The countryman declined, saying that he did not indulge, but asked if he might be permitted to take a spool of thread for the old woman instead. He was granted this permission.

Stars and Stripes

Yes! Yes!

"Dobson is in domestic trouble again."
"Wife leave him?"
"No—she came back!"

Now that so many autos are being drowned one wonders whether the round thing on the back is a spare tire or a life preserver.

Very Complicated.

He (cautiously)—"Would you say 'Yes' if I asked you to marry me?"
She (still more cautiously)—"Would you ask me to marry you if I said I would say 'Yes' if you asked me to marry you?"

"Man wants but little here below."

There's one thing that we surely know, That poet was some liar.

Chip of the Old Block.

"Do you believe in heredity, Nupoy?"
"I certainly do. Why, for instance, is my six-months-old son always trying to get his toes in his mouth if it isn't because of his dad's constant struggle to make both ends meet?"

Modern Problems No. 5.

How does a fat man disrobe in an upper berth?

K. MILLER

His Editorial On Thimblefuls

MELLON wants to dish it out to us in thimblefuls, but since it's easier to get it in habit-forming quantities he won't have many customers. He must think wine and beer are Mellon's food.

VIRGINIA judge has the right diagnosis of prohibition. His analysis states that it is the best thing that ever happened to him. He used to have to send forty miles to the nearest distillery. Now it is delivered every morning by the milk man who has turned bootlegger.

THE woods down below his house used to ring with the zing of saw-mills. Now he can't hear a rabbit step as the moonshiners tend to their own business. But he still sees the smoke curl out from among the trees.

INDIANS originally inhabited this country and now it's getting so it ain't fit for civilized people. Most of the firewater at present on tap ought to be peddled in asbestos bottles. One swallow and you don't need to buy any winter coat.

MELLON can't jar the lid off of eighteenth amendment. It never was clamped on. His new rule defines beer and wine as innocent medicine. Good for hangovers, dandruff, or thirst. Three diseases which we all have.

PRESCRIPTION can't be filled except by licensed speak-easy. Only undertaker, corner or morgue-master shall be judge of whether or not patient took medicine with suicidal intent.

ONLY one distilled liquid that isn't on the Congressional black-list.

THAT'S water.

WHEN a guy can no longer get a snifter of pre-digested aqua for his storage battery and can't cut his own hair without a court order, then we'll give the United States back to the Cherokees and sign our will along the dotted line.

Furthering Science. In 1920 the Smithsonian Institution undertook twenty-three separate expeditions. New astronomical stations were established in Arizona and in Chile. The African and Australian expeditions and various experiments were eminently successful.

YETOWNE GOSSIP

Registered U. S. Patent Office.

By K. C. B.

IT WAS in a train. AND WAS quite bare. AND ACROSS the aisle. AND I knew very well. THERE WAS a girl. SHE DIDN'T know. A NICE looking girl. AND I wanted to tell her. WITH A lot of wraps. BUT DIDN'T dare. AND A lot of bags. AND THE porter came. AND WHILE the porter. AND GLANCED at her. WAS SETTLING her. AND HESITATED. I SETTLED myself. AND WENT right on. AND GOT my book. AND THEN came back. "IF WINTER Comes." AND SAID to her. AND FORGOT all else. "EXCUSE ME, lady." FOR QUITE some time. "BUT I gotta fix somethin'." AND THEN looked up. "UNDE'NEATH YO' seat." FROM OUT of the book. AND SHE arose. AND HE knelt down. AND STRETCHED a little. AND FOOLED around. AND SETTLED back. UNDERNEATH THE seat. TO READ again. FOR A moment or two. AND TOOK one glance. AND THEN got up. ACROSS THE aisle. AND SHE sat down. AND THE pretty girl. WITH HER knees all covered. WAS READING a book. AND WE both went back. THAT ONE of her knees. TO BOTH our books. WAS WANDERING out. WHILE THE porter nodded. AND INTO the light. ON HIS little camp stool.



The Interest of Congress in Playground Activities

By BILL PRICE.

More than usual interest is shown by Senators and Congressmen in the enlargement of playground activities in the District, and the eventual outcome will, it is hoped, be legislation that will greatly extend these recreational centers.

Nearly all American cities are devoting increased attention to playground facilities for their young people, and it is just a matter of time when Congress will see the wisdom of these policies. In dozens of cities where municipal appropriations for playgrounds are scant the citizens contribute liberally to raise the necessary funds. The playground laws of the District permit private subscriptions to supplement public funds, and there are occasional liberal donations. Well-to-do citizens or organizations may furnish the money for playgrounds or playground equipment in any part of Washington, and it will be acceptable.

Washington is not only far short of the necessary number of playgrounds, equipment, and supervisory personnel, but lacks unification of playground work. The District owns some of its playgrounds, some are loaned by the Federal Government, and others by private citizens. There is some playground work among the schools, but as a rule the public schools are without playground space and the children must use the streets. If all playgrounds and playground work could be placed under one management the benefits would probably be material.

Child fatalities increase in every city where there are inadequate facilities and the streets are used for play. The saving of life is important enough, but experience has taught that the municipal playground, where recreation is combined with the teaching of industrial arts, develops health, purity of mind, fairness, ambition, honesty, self-confidence, obedience, and diminishes idleness, delinquency, selfishness, rowdiness, temptation.

Think Work and You Do Work

CORPORATIONS put the word "Courtesy" on their street cars and omnibuses, and they say that seeing the word so often affects employees. Perhaps it also affects the public. Courtesy from the public toward the employee is as important as courtesy on the part of the worker.

A reader suggests that if the words WORK and HUSTLE were printed more often and more conspicuously it would stir up energy and enthusiasm. Perhaps it would. Here is the reader's letter:

Editor of the Times:

Dear Sir: The dynamic value of the "printed word" is admitted when placed where it can be read, and made so attractive that it is read.

The psychology of mental impressions is creative or destructive. A message creating appeal leading to active desire for possession or attainment is true advertising and true Americanization. What? Psychologically speaking, were our great American public to see the words "WORK" and "HUSTLE" on every turn for thirty days, we all would be thinking work, eating work and doing double work. How? If every man in this great and glorious country were to give the U. S. A. one solid hour's work of real constructive effort, the present financial and economical trouble would be over and the "world's industrial conquest" within our grasp.

Were you to cause the message of "work" to be featured in "headline" in the joke sheet and everywhere possible in all the Hearst publications you would be putting across the greatest stunt of the age. The direct INDIRECT work appeal will cause your millions of daily readers to start hustling a little faster or doing some real work, by the same philosophy that you can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink unless you have previously caused to be created a thirst for WATER.

My thought is that work applies to the executives who are now playing golf as well as to the actual hand workers.

We are all Americans of greater or less degree. Those who produce, real, those who absorb are the drones of the American hive of bees.

Am I right?

Yours very truly,

E. BURTON SMITH.

Yes, Mr. Smith, you ARE right, undoubtedly. Constant repetition causes thought, thought produces results. "Repetition is Reputation," and repetition gets results. Thanks for your letter.

'Blowing Up' of the Klux

THE investigation of the Ku Klux Klan, in the language of the reporters, has "blown up." No more witnesses will be called. Perhaps friends of the Klan, demanding investigation of all secret societies in the country, helped to cause the blow-up. In the present state of civilization there is no use in FORBIDDING secret societies, the only thing is to REGULATE them. If you forbid them, you drive them out of sight. Men not so far removed from ancestry that hunted in packs, each pack hating the other pack, naturally like to form little packs of their own, with grips and signals, in place of the snarls and yelps of the old packs, and with pack leaders.

Those that contemplate packs as interesting survivals of ancient times observe with interest the pitiful collapse of Mr. Simmons, Imperial Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan, when questions were put to him.

If the Imperial Wizard collapses when questioned by men with faces uncovered, in broad daylight, no wonder the Imperial Wizard counted on frightening superstitious men, questioned in the dead of night by the light of flaming torches, surrounded by men in goblin-like masks and fantastic dress.